

The Herald and News

GEN. JOE WHEELER'S OPINION.

It is absolutely sound on the question of a solid South.

Cleveland, Ohio, January 2.—Gen. Joseph Wheeler was in this city today in the interest of new army rifle. In a newspaper interview he said in reply to a question on the possibility of a political break in the South:

"There is no question that the superiority of the white race in the South must be maintained. Anyone who has seen the South under the rule of the other color, as it was after the war, can understand why this must be so. For one reason white supremacy alone can insure financial stability. There will be no political break in the solid South by any party which tries to interfere from the North through the medium of politicians with the solving of the color problem by the South."

FAVORABLE INDEED.

Treasurer Jennings Says Not More Than One Tenth of Taxes are Paid.

State Treasurer Jennings when asked yesterday what proportion of the State taxes for the year had been paid in said that so far only about \$100,000 in round figures had been received at the State treasury. This statement tends to substantiate in a very forcible manner the general talk about the hard times, particularly when it is considered that the entire amount of taxes due the State for the year amounts to very nearly a million dollars. It is hoped that the extension of time for the payment of taxes without the penalty will result in getting in a good proportion of the outstanding taxes.

Contrasts in Rhymes.

As sour as a lemon, as sweet as a nut,
As small as an atom, as big as a butt;
As brown as a berry, as fair as a nun,
As fickle as fortune, as sure as a gun;
As cold as a snowball, as hot as a toast;

As red as a turkey, as pale as a ghost;
As sober as judges, as drunk as a host;
As damp as a dishcloth, as dry as a quince;
As coarse as sackcloth, as fierce as a carter;
As dull as a mope, as pert as a parrot;

As flat as a founder, as round as a ball,
As sweet as an orange, as bitter as gall;
As white as lily, as black as a coal,
As crook as Dick's hand, as straight as a pole;

As merry as toppers, as dull as a doil;
As rotten as pears, as sound as a roach;
As freezing as winter, as warm as a couch;
As smooth as silk velvet, as warm as a file;

As sour as verjuice, as sweet as a smile;
As sharp-sighted as Scotchmen, as blind as a bat;
As white as a sheet, as black as my hat;
As slow as old ninety, as brisk as a bee;

As shallow as fool's wit, as deep as the sea;
As poor as old Job, as rich as a Jew,
As wrong as it can be, as right as my shoe;

As deaf as a door nail, as tall as a tree,
As stupid as you, and as clever as me.—St. James Gazette.

Among the leading articles in the January number of The Iconoclast are "Free Speech and a Free Press," by Clarence S. Darrow; "American Ideals," by Ex-Gov. John P. Altgeld; "The Man Who Dared," a character sketch of W. C. Brann, the founder of The Iconoclast, by Geo. Osburne Turk; "A Twentieth Century Fraud," an arraignment of John Alexander Dowie, the self-styled "Elijah II," by Henry E. Crawford; "A Age Behind the Band Wagon," by H. B. Hastings; "The Drama at Home," an incident in real life, by Mark Morris; "A Southern View of the Negro Problem," a reply to an article on this subject in the December Iconoclast, written by Murray Hodson, by James T. Harrison. In addition there are many other miscellaneous articles, editorials and poems, making this number one of unusual interest. Sending 10 cents for copy of this issue, or \$1.00 and have it mailed to you each month for the year 1902. The Iconoclast Publishing Co., 1612 Ashland Block, Chicago.

OVER FORTY THOUSAND.

The Fees From Commisment and Various This Year.

[The State, 3rd]

Chief Clerk Gantt of the office of the Secretary of State yesterday said that the annual report of that office is almost complete. He said that it would show that under the new charter laws the income of the office from charter and commission fees would be over \$40,000 this year. The income from this source has heretofore never gone over \$8,000 a year.

A Newsboy's Gratitude.

A writer in the New York Recorder tells the story of a newsboy who, months after he had eaten a Christmas supper, insisted on paying the kind journalist who provided it. On Christmas night an oldtime newspaper writer stepped into a cheap restaurant in Park Row for a cup of hot coffee. As he took his seat at one of the small tables a ragged little boy planted himself on the stool opposite. There was a wolfish glare in the boy's eyes as he fumbled a nickel and said: "A plate of beans."

I sipped my coffee and watched the boy ravenously devour the beans. Whispering to the waiter, I told him to bring a plate of corned beef, some bread and butter and a bowl of coffee for the boy. The little fellow stared for a moment and then began his meal. In a few minutes the beef, beans, bread and coffee had disappeared, yet the boy's appetite was not satisfied.

"What kind of pie do you like?" I asked.

Most any kind; they're all good," replied the boy.

"Bring him some mince and umkin pie," said I to the waiter.

The boy gazed at the two pieces of pie in wonderment and then looked up shyly and pushed his nickel toward me.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"To pay for the spread. It's all I've got."

Taking a quarter from my pocket, I laid it on the boy's coin and pushed them across the table.

"Is them for me?" said the boy, with his mouth full of pie. "Am I to have all that?"

"Yes this is Christmas night, you know."

"Yes, I remember, but I had no money for my lodging, so I didn't get any of the dinner down at the Newsboys' Lodging house. Thank you, mister, you is good ter me."

Months passed. One day a boy stopped me near Brooklyn Bridge.

"Say, mister," said he "I owe you a quarter. Here it is."

Recognizing my Christmas guest, I gently refused the money, telling him that he had better keep it.

"No, you take it," he persisted. "That supper and the quarter you gave me brought me luck and I have not been so hungry since. You was so good that night, and I want you to take the quarter now so that you can give some other boy a Christmas supper."

I took the coin, and many a poor newsboy has had a good dinner with it since.

SORES AND ULCERS.

Sores and Ulcers never become chronic unless the blood is in poor condition—it is sluggish, weak and unable to throw off the poisons that accumulate in it. The system must be relieved of the unhealthy matter through the sore, and great danger to life would follow should it heal before the blood has been made pure and healthy and all impurities eliminated from the system. S.S.S. begins the cure by first cleansing and invigorating the blood, building up the general health and removing from the system a constant drain upon the system. A CONSTANT DRAIN UPON THE SYSTEM. When this has been accomplished the discharge gradually ceases, and the sore or ulcer heals. It is the tendency of these old indolent sores to grow worse and worse, and eventually to destroy the bones. Local applications, while soothing and to some extent alleviating the pain, cannot reach the seat of the trouble. S.S.S. does, and no matter how apparently hopeless your condition, even though your constitution has broken down, it will bring relief when nothing else can. It supplies the rich, pure blood necessary to heal the sore and nourish the debilitated, diseased body.

LEON (ZOLGOZ).

Dr. Spitz Declares That His Brain Was Normal.

Chicago, Jan. 2.—At today's meeting of the Anatomical society, a paper by Dr. E. A. Spitzka of New York, was read by the secretary, and in it the doctor declared that the brain of Leon Czolgosz, President McKinley's assassin, was normal. The doctor said that during the four hour dissection which followed the execution of the criminal, he had been able to study the brain with considerable thoroughness.

"The Man that Came After the Angel."

[A Minister's Experience, Profitable also to the Laity.]

It was rather a bitter laugh to come from a young, strong fellow with a good-natured face. But there in his lonely study, thawing at the stove from the cold of a long winter drive and the chill of a half warmed church, sat Rev. John Brown, B. A.

During his round of visits that day he had come to old Uncle Billy Wood-yatt, who "enjoyed" at once, as he said, "poor health and second wife."

"No," said Uncle Billy to the minister, as he sought from him sympathy for his various troubles and came at last to the subject of his second wife, "No, I ain't got nothing to say against this one, but my first was an 'angel'."

And Rev. John Brown laughed bitterly as he repeated quietly to himself, "nothing to say against her—but the first was an 'angel,'" then he added softly, "poor thing!" Then he began musing while the fire burned, and said again, "Poor thing, to come after an 'angel,' but it's just my luck, too. There was my brother Bpb, his pants lasted longer, his boots were always better blacked, his lessons better learned, and if I said anything out of the way it was, 'Bob would never have said that or done the other thing.' At school old Dominie Wilson used to say, 'Your brother Robert would never have made that mistake.' In the games, too, no matter how well I did, the boys used to say to the new comers, 'Oh, but you ought to have seen Bob Brown.'"

"In college Cousin Tom was the 'angel' and won all the medals and delivered the valedictory and was held up to me by all the 'professors, and now'—and there was an ill-defined mumble that sounded very much like 'brother take it,' and now—it is worse than ever. Nothing to say against me! oh, no! not at all, but 'the first was an angel,' and again the rather grim laugh echoed through the lonely room, for Rev. John Brown, B. A., was only human and a good deal tired and rather disposed to be blue.

Now John Brown was naturally a cheery, hearty fellow, a good average student and athlete, a fairly good preacher and a thoroughly honest above-board fellow, whom all men as well as women liked and children all trusted. But today he had a considerable over-dose of "the angel." "The angel" in this case was Rev. Frederick Kittinger, Ph. D., John's immediate predecessor in the pastorate of the Evanston Congregational church. He was a good man, there was no doubt of that, for John knew him, but as John said, "You know the fellow must have been an 'angel,' for Deacon Jones said, 'Mr. Kittinger used to hold prayer meeting every Tuesday evening at Bolton's Corners and Wednesday in our home church and Thursday at the Landing,' while Deacon Sitwell who lived eight miles in the other direction from Deacon Jones said, 'Yes, sir, rain or shine, Mr. Kittinger never missed a prayer meeting. Tuesday evening at the Glen school house' (ten miles from Bolton's Corners and at the same hour) 'and Thursday at the Old Union church in Springfield' (thirteen miles from the Landing)."

Then John learned that Mr. Kittinger used to preach "every" Sunday afternoon in two places sixteen miles apart at the same hour and, moreover, that he "was the greatest man for exchanging with his brother ministers," though when he got the time John could not tell.

Then about visiting, at least forty families told John that Mr. Kittinger used to visit "a great deal oftener than you do. Why, you are quite a stranger. He used to come and bring Mrs. Kittinger and spend the day with us once every month at least." "Forty into thirty-one doesn't go with me," said John to himself; "the fellow must have been

an angel and not subject to the usual limitations of space and time."

But that wasn't all, for three different sick folks claimed the honor of Mr. Kittinger's Monday afternoons. With all that, as Mr. Barber put it, "Mr. Kittinger, sir, was a great visitor; he was always on the road." "He must have been," John very feelingly replied. "Oh, the depth of Mr. Kittinger's sermons," said old John McLeod, more familiarly known as "Holy John;" "that man spent days and nights in his study." "Just so," said John, and I am afraid he meant more than he said.

Beyond all this, Mr. Kittinger could sing like a lark, draw on the black-board like an artist and play the organ like an angel. John couldn't do any of these things, but he heard that Mr. Kittinger could. Mr. Kittinger gave lectures in the college, was a popular stump speaker and even wrote poetry which the choir sang to music of his composing.

His Sunday school addresses were wonderful, his funeral orations deeply sympathetic, his power in prayer remarkable and his visits to the sick a real means of health. Everywhere he went John heard of him and the singing of his praises, but at last this very afternoon John had gone into Widow McCamus', and there on the mantel in the very center stood the photo of Mr. Kittinger, "Oh," said the old lady, "but he was a darling."

So as the fire died down John got bluer and bluer. It seemed no use. He knew they must be unconsciously exaggerating, for at least no man could be in two places at once, but after such a man could there be any chance for a plain, humble man to win their hearts and do good work?

Just then John thought of Uncle Esak Martin, who in his later bachelor days sought comfort in the form of a widow and found it not.

One day she led him to the cemetery where reposed the remains of her first husband. There she wept so copiously that Uncle Esak lost patience and said to a friend he buttonholed, "I'd give ten dollars if she only had him again." And John thought too, "Well, I'd give something if they only had their angel, Mr. Kittinger, back."

But being young and healthy and Christian John took his Bible, turned to the verse which says of a certain woman, "She hath done what she could," and said to himself, "Well, the Master knows I have tried to, so it's all right with him," and giving himself a mental and physical shake turned into bed.

All the same he couldn't forge Kittinger. He didn't get any chance to, and when a year later the way opened for his long-cherished desire to go abroad as a foreign missionary I am afraid there was just a little Kittinger mixed in with the application he sent in for a place to do pioneer work, "not building on any other man's foundation." He went to the Congo after the usual addresses and presentations and farewell meetings, all of which John, being modest, set down to the fact of his going as a foreign missionary.

A year later the same John, but tanned and a little thinner, under the thatched roof of his mud-walled



How About Your Heart

Feel your pulse a few minutes. Is it regular? Are you short of breath, after slight exertion as going up stairs, sweeping, walking, etc? Do you have pain in left breast, side or between shoulder blades, choking sensations, fainting or smothering spells, inability to lie on left side? If you have any of these symptoms you certainly have a weak heart, and should immediately take

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

Mr. F. H. Oaks of Jamestown, N. Y., whose genial face appears above, says: "Excessive use of tobacco seriously affected my heart. I suffered severe pains about the heart, and in the left shoulder and side; while the palpitation would awaken me from my sleep. I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and soon found permanent relief."

FOR HARNESS and Saddle Sores Mexican Mustang Liniment is just what you need. It takes effect at once, and you will be astonished to see how quickly it heals sores.



It's this way:

You can burn yourself with Fire, with Powder, etc., or you can scald yourself with Steam or Hot Water, but there is only one proper way to cure a burn or scald and that is by using

Mexican Mustang Liniment.

It gives immediate relief. Get a piece of soft old linen cloth, saturate it with this liniment and bind loosely upon the wound. You can have no adequate idea what an excellent remedy this is for a burn until you have tried it.

A FOWL TIP. If you have a bird afflicted with Roup or any other poultry disease use Mexican Mustang Liniment. It is called a STANDARD remedy by poultry breeders.

YOU CAN'T DOWN THE STIEFF!

There are all kinds of men in the Piano business, but the nearest competitor that has attracted our attention recently, is the mad who sets to and willfully tries to dissatisfy customers that have already bought fine Pianos by telling them they have been swindled, etc. We would advise such men as this to get out to work, put in the time they waste in such work as this in hunting new customers, and perhaps they could sell a Piano once in a while.

The class of people who buy the STIEFF PIANOS are the best people on earth, and their minds are not to be changed by every little wind that blows. STIEFF PIANOS are the very finest Pianos made, and are sold all over the world on merit alone. It's the old reliable STIEFF PIANO all the time, and when anyone tells you he can furnish something as good for less money—just remember you have heard "Ghost stories" before.

Write today and get Factory prices on the STIEFF PIANO and save the big profits made by the dealer.

Chas. M. Stieff,

Piano Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md., North and South Carolina Branches 213 N. Tryon St., Charlotte, N. C.

huf, reading the appointment of Rev. Alex. Saunders, a very decent fellow, to the Evanston church, having in mind "the angel," sat down and wrote him a letter of sympathy in view of excellencies of Mr. Kittinger.

Six months later again Rev. John Brown made the very walls of his hut to ring again with hearty laughter when the mail came in. Between spasms he handed the letter to his colleague. It was from Alex. Saunders, and this is all it said:

"My Dear Brown: Thanks for your letter, but human nature is still the same. The fish we lose is always bigger than any we catch. Distance lends enchantment to the view. There was nothing personal in your experience. Kittinger isn't in it; you are the angel now."—Rev. Wm. T. Gunn, in The Congregationalist.

Charleston and Western Carolina Rwy Co

Augusta and Asheville Short Line. Schedule in Effect Oct. 5th, 1901.

Leave Augusta	10:05 a.m.	3:00 p.m.
Arrive Asheville	10:05 a.m.	3:00 p.m.
Leave Asheville	10:05 a.m.	3:00 p.m.
Arrive Augusta	10:05 a.m.	3:00 p.m.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed Schedule in Effect June 1st, 1901.

STATIONS.	Daily No. 10.	Daily No. 11.
Charleston	11:00 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
Summerville	11:00 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
Orangeburg	11:00 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
Myrtle Beach	11:00 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
Beaufort	11:00 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
Wilmington	11:00 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
Charlotte	11:00 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
Raleigh	11:00 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
Richmond	11:00 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
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Philadelphia	11:00 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
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MORE COTTON

to the acre at less cost, means more money.

More Potash

in the Cotton fertilizer improves the soil, increases yield—larger profits. Send for our book (free) explaining how to get these results.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY.

VESTIBULE LIMITED TRAINS

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE "Capital City Route."

Shortest line between all principal cities North, East, South and West. Schedule in effect Dec. 1, 1901.

At	Calhoun	8:00 am	4:30 pm	12:57 pm
	Greenwood	1:58 am	5:19 pm	1:23 pm
	Clinton	2:46 am	6:08 pm	2:16 pm
	Carlisle	3:38 am	6:53 pm	
	Chester	4:30 am	7:41 pm	
	Catawba Jct.	4:55 am	7:24 pm	
	Hamlet	7:00 am	10:15 am	
At	Hamlet	7:10 am	10:40 pm	
At	Raleigh	7:15 am	1:39 am	
	Petersburg	2:26 pm	5:54 am	
	Richmond	3:05 pm	6:35 am	
	Washington	3:35 pm	10:10 am	
	Baltimore	11:25 pm	11:26 am	
	Philadelphia	2:56 am	1:36 pm	
	New York	6:30 am	4:15 pm	
		2:05 am	2:15 pm	